

WORONI

EXCITEMENT MOUNTS

AS THE VACATION SWINGS INTO ITS FOURTH WEEK

There is an excitement, an expectation, in the air at this time of year. In the distance can be heard the restless thump of the Library pile drivers while, close at hand, there is the energetic buzzing of myriads upon myriads of blow flies - Canberra's tiny summer visitors.

The Library itself is, of course, shut, but the gaping expressionless features of its frontentrancebring back happy memories of the exams just past, though not always passed. Across from the Library the sun-bleached walls of that latter-day Mexican Fort - the Union - evoke scenes of the battles that have raged within its stuffy precincts - as when Joe accused Bill of racing off his bird Fanny, where upon Gertrude threw a cup of coffee in Joe's face, who then rubbed his pie into Georgia's hair until Randy broke down and cried. The Union itself is now closed, as is only to be expected, and will remain that way until the crowds of first term students become so large and violent as to threaten to break down the front door:

Over at Student Administration all now seems peaceful as the staff are all away on holidays, building up strength to face the trials of the long year ahead. However, they have not forgotten the students who might turn up to enroll early, for on the door is a cheerful seasonal greeting saying "Get lost".

And this is an easy enough thing for the student new to Canberra to do.

On the north side of the Library, on the other side of University Ave, the Haydon-Allen and Copland Buildings seem strangely deserted. Row upon row of seats in the lecture rooms are packed with nothing but emptiness. The Arts Faculty resembles a scene from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" with the absence (on holidays) of the simple rustic folk who normally inhabit the area.

Further down the avenue no smell of rotten egg gas mars the dust laden air, for the Chemistry Department has wafted away. So too have the Physics Department, the Geology Department, the Botany Department, the Zoology Department and the rest of the Science menagerie.

At the Halls of Residence only a cockroach stirs and crawls lazily across the Bruce Hall High Table. The Halls too have shut up shop for a short while to allow the staff to recover.

With one day to go to Christmas there is a gay atmosphere of apathy about the University. The campus exhibits an air of unhurried what-me-worry casualness. The whole University, it would seem, is closed down until the New Year. Yet with its sense of vibrant indifference and studious indolence the campus is hard to distinguish from its mid-term self.

EDITORIAL

DADDY, IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

"Daddy, is there a Santa Claus?
In far away lands easily forgotten people starve.
That jolly man, so hale and round,
What odds then, it is time to make merry, to joke, and to laugh!
The bringer of toys, and tales, and candy,
Bring on the food, bring on the gifts!
Of plump smiles to children's faces,
Shop now for Xmas! Buy baubles and mink!
And of beery mirth in dreary places."
Join in the Xmas spirit; it's later than you think.
"Let me try to make you understand, my pretty one.
Let the cash registers ring out loud and clear,
So long as there is misguided love in parents' hearts,
Roll, money, roll, keep us safe from misery.
A desire to shield the young from an unpleasant Truth
Hide from us the maimed, the diseased, the caged,
And the chance to relieve our own infantile lives,
The poor, the starved, the spurned, the aged.
We shall bend Santa Claus to meet those ends.
Show us the world through crystal glass
We shall spin about him such fantasies
Coloured and dazzling,
Of Christmas trees and reindeer,
Twisting and turning,
Of childhood wickedness and punishment,
Keeping out the ghosts of things past and present.
As will help us forget, and smother our fear.
Turn off your mind man! The new Christmas is here!
So remember my tiny one, as we go to church
The new tinsel bright, every day of the year Christmas;
That it is but a token gesture; only guilt drags us along.
Just a costly gift wrap to mask our own soullessness.
It is to Santa Claus that our worship belongs."

Editor B. Tiegh

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Woroni Contest

ENTER NOW AND WIN ONE OF THESE VALUABLE PRIZES

- * FIRST PRIZE - High Distinction in Eng. Lit. I
- SECOND PRIZE - Distinction in Eng. Lit. I
- THIRD PRIZE - Credit in Eng. Lit I
- * AND ALSO 50 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF A PASS IN THE ENGLISH COMPREHENSION TEST.

Just answer this simple quiz about the Editorial opposite, and send your entry to the Psychology Department, together with a ten word statement beginning "I would like to write for WORONI because....."

1. The editorial consists of the following number of poems:
(a) none, (b) one, (c) two, (d) three.
Write the correct answer here.....
2. Describe briefly what you think the author means by "beery mirth".
3. "Fear" rhymes with "here". Can you find three more such word pairs? If so, write them down.
4. Do you think the author believes in Santa Claus?
If not, why not?
5. Q. P. Geldingwaite, the well known critic, has suggested that the author's use of the word "desire" in line 15 indicates a preoccupation with sex. Would you agree?
Is Q. P. Geldingwaite preoccupied with sex? Elaborate.

BIGGLES FLY'S OPEN - by W. E. E. JOHN

books

..... Cecil Appleby-Smith

I have been asked to review this book for WORONI. To begin with, let me say that I think it is a superficial treatment of an admittedly difficult theme.

Biggles has been described as the caricature of the twentieth century super-hero. This is patently ridiculous; he is a vastly inferior substitute for James Bond.

One can only say that the author's airy flights of fancy detract virtiginously from the more serious eruptions which constantly arise. The confrontation of Biggles with the odalisque is also in the worst possible taste.

It is in fact, so appallingly bad that it may yet rank with "The Thought of Mao Tse Tung" as one of the most widely red books this year.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

FROM HER ROYAL HIGHNESS QUEEN AGATHA OF GRAPE BRICKLE

To My loyal subjects in the far away colony of Ostralya.

Dear Subjects:

It is with a song in my heart, a tear in my eye, and a pain in my stomach that I send you greetings this bitterly cold Christmas Eve. It is, as my husband remarked to me, one of the most frigid Eves he has known.

Still I suppose that you, way, way down there, far across the sea, are frizzling away under a pulsating hot sun as you play cricket and listen to the frenzied snorting of wild kangaroos in the jungle.

As I was saying to your Prime Minister, Mr...., Mr... (what's his name again - that chappie with all the teeth)... any way, as I was saying to him when he last stopped off here for five minutes on his way to Washington, "I don't know how you manage without the comforts of modern civilisation. Still, I suppose that bark huts are nice and airy, and going without clothes saves laundry expenses".

He just smiled graciously at me and handed me a wee gift as a token of his deep and abiding affection for I and mine. It was a large parcel of Orstralyan prunes and a dozen packets of Al Bran. I was profoundly moved by it all.

Today, as I humbly survey the world from the splendour of my jewel-encrusted palace at this precious time, I feel as one with my obedient servants in all parts of the realm and Empire. My heart goes out to those poor peasants who are not as fortunate as I, and to them I say, "What a terrible shame it is that you cannot be with us as we dine at our turkey and plumb pud, and, of course, at prunes and Al Bran".

But, had it been intended that way we should, alas, not have been given Kings and Queens, and Princes and Princesses, and fairies and elves.

Even though you cannot be here with me, I send you instead this more precious gift - a message of affection from I to you - and especially to all your dear children whom you keep in such neat concentric circles on football fields all over Orstralya.

To you all, wherever you may be, and whatever you may be doing; be it hanging a man in Victoria; jailing political opponents in Queensland; or killing and maiming Vietnamese in Vietnam, I wish you each and every one a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year!

Agatha Virginia